A

SERMON

Prepared to be *Preach'd* at the Interment

Of the Renowned

Obſervator.

With ſome Remarques on his LIFE,

By the Reverend

Toryrorydammeeplotſhammee Younkercrape.

To which is Annexed

An ELEGY and EPITAPH,

By the ROSE-ALLY-POET,

And other Prime Wits of the Age.

LONDON, Printed, and are to be ſold by *Langley Curtiſs*, at the Sign of Sir *Edmund-Bury-Godfrey*, near *Fleet-Bridge*. 1682.

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An ELEGY and EPITAPH

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ONDON, Printed, and are to be sold by Thomas Bennet, at the Sign of Sir Edmond-Bury-Godfrey, near Fleet-Bridge, 1681.

Thrice merry, or thrice doleful

READERS.

Which you please,

According to your various affections peruse these ensuing lines: and know that Man is a Mortal that has strange fegaries and quirks, and orders his reason at such an odd rate, that he many times makes sport of their greatest misfortune, their forc'd departure, and constraint to take leave of the Suns bright Light. There was a certain Prince, who perceiving himself not well belov'd by his Courtiers, yet not well able to discover who they were that bore him enmity, in regard that his Enemies had impal'd their thoughts with dissimulation, he resolv'd to pretend to fall sick and dye; to be short, so he did, that is to say, he fell sick and died, like Endymion *upon* Latmus *Hill, and was laid forth: The report of his death brought all Persons to see him, his Friends to bewail him, his Enemies to rejoice. And then it was that his ill willers open'd the wickets of their Breasts; and while others spoke well of him, others curs'd him as heartily, calling him Tyrant, and ungrateful, and lading his memory with a hundred Scandals, and Reproaches. I'le hold five shillings our* Observator *had read this story. For he, finding himself baited on all sides like a* Whitsontide *Bull, resolv'd to be for a while like an Incognito Embassadour in the world, that he might hear what People said of him. To this purpose he desires a certain Crape Gown Gentleman to*

make him a Funeral Sermon while he was living, that he might amend and correct his own commendations. The Gentleman (as who could deny the Foreman of his Faith) answered his expectations, and our dear Observator put it up in his Pocket, and goes to the Tavern. There that night it happen'd to be a dreadful Huzza night, nothing but past Two of the Clock could move the Company--- and then the Devil of a Coach was to be got, so that our dear Observator was constrain'd to totter home before a Link boy-- In that condition, by what unlucky accident we know not, he dropt the following Papers. Heavens bless us quo we, is our dear Observator dead, and shall we stifle such a Panegyric as this? Ventre diable by no means. But quo another suppose he should not be dead-- why then he is alive. But quo we, suppose he shoula be dead, what injury can it be to him? so long as the Stationers are in being. For we know there is nothing impossible with God-- and it may be a metaphysical puzzlement, whether there be any thing impossible with a Stationer: for a Stationer can make a Man write after he's dead. I'le undertake that there are some men that have been dead these 40 years that shall still write on upon their account till the last Trumpet sounds; so then if by their means the Observator do write after he's dead what injury is it for him to die or to be dead, I would fain know, for his pay runs on still. For my part I am apt to believe he is dead, for his writings are the meer Skeletons of Reason Well but let him be dead or alive, you have it here as it dropt out of his own pocket--- And Men have not the same privileage that Women have. For if a Woman tell ye, she's dead, you must not believe her; but if a Man tell you so, you are not to give him the lie for fear of further mischief. Gentlemen I have no more to say to the business, and so without further Complements, Fare ye well.

A

FUNERAL SERMON

Preached at the

Interment of the Renowned

OBSERVATOR.

Pantagruel, L. 2. *c.* 30.

Then Eusthenes *cryed out, Ah Cruel Death, thou hast taken from us the most perfect of Men, upon which* Pantagruel *arose, and betook himself to the greatest Lamentation that ever was seen in the world.*

THE occasion of these words my Beloved was nothing but death, the death of a certain person; *mortuus est, extinguitur*, as 'tis in the Original. For *Pantagruel*, the Son of *Garagantua*, the Son of *Grandgousier*, was a great Gyant, who laid about him upon all occasions, whether it were eating or drinking, fight or sh---- and as his name was *Pantagruel*, so he represen-

ted *Henry the ſecond* of *France*, as the moſt venerable notes upon our excellent Author declare, & his adherents were call'd *Pantagrueliſts*, or *Popelings*, and he warred againſt the *Andoullians*, who were the true *Evangelics*. Now to bring the buſineſs down to our times, the Pantagrueliſts were *Tories* or *Popelings*, and the *Andoullians* were *Whigs* or *Evangelics*, according to thoſe wicked diſtinctions that are now uſed among us. As for our venerable Author himſelf, he was a great Doctor in his Time, and a great *Evangelic* or *Whig*, for he refus'd to kiſs the Pope's Toe, as you may read in his Life, for which he ſuffer'd much Tribulation, according to his demerits. As for the Book it ſelf, it is therefore called *Pantagruel*, becauſe therein our venerable Author recites the Acts of the great *Pantagruel*, as the Books of the *Maccabees*, are ſo called, becauſe they relate the Attchievements of the *Maccabean* Brethren. As for the Perſon that the great *Euſthenes*, and the famous *Pantagruel* here lament, he was call'd *Panurgus*, that is to ſay (for I have not been ſo long a Diſciple in the Colledge of the Inferiour Clergy, where our deceaſed Brother ſate Regent, but I underſtand many pretty knicknacks, eſpecially thoſe of Etymologies) one that would be a *Dominus Factotum*, a *Polypragmon*, as it is in the Greek, in Engliſh a Buſie-body.

In

In another ſenſe it ſignifies a crafty cunning Companion. And thus *Jupiter* in *Lucian*'s ſecond Dialogue of the Gods, reproaches *Cupid* with the Epithites of *Geron* and *Panurgus*, old and deceitfully cunning. So that upon good authority you may take *Panurgus* for a Buſie-body, or a great Deceiver, which you pleaſe, it being at your choice.

To this ſame *Panurgus* our once Divine *Obſervator*, and dear Brother here departed, and now going to his long home, may be very juſtly reſembled. *Panurgus* became famous by maintaining diſputes; he confuted a man of all ſorts of Sciences, once by the motion of his fingers. And what has not our *Obſervator* done by his *Proing* and *Conning*? Has he not wrought miracles? has he not confuted all the *Andoullians*, that elſe would have over-ran the Kingdom like ſo many Locuſts, and caus'd all the Enemies of the *Pantagruelians* to piſs Vinegar? Yes marry has he---- yes, my beloved, I ſay he has done it, don't to purpoſe too, or as I may ſay, with a vengeance. Nay ſuch was the reverence which the Pantagruelians and Papiſhes had for him, that had he liv'd a little longer (and a thouſand pities it was he did not) a certain day in the year was to have been ſet apart, at what time all the Panta-

gruelians and Papiſhes were to have met our dear Brother by the name of the moſt invincible *Obſervator*, and he was to have met them; and then was he to have pull'd down his Breeches in moſt ſolemn manner, and they in like ſolemn manner were to have kneel'd, and kiſs't his bare Buttocks, and then they were to have had a Sermon, and to have gone to Dinner at the *Half Moon* in *Cheapſide*--- and the day itſelf was to have been call'd *Baiſe-cul or Kiſs-nock* Day.

In the ſecond place *Panurgus* was enamour'd of a great Lady in *Paris*; but when ſhe fell out with him, and ſlighted his kindneſſes, wo worth the Lady, ſuch ill luck betided her. For by vertue of a certain Drug which *Panurgus* ſtrew'd upon her Garment, and the Folds of her Sleeves, as he kneel'd by her at Prayers, all the Dogs i'the Church, both great and ſmall of all ſorts, came and piſs'd upon her cloaths, and ſpoyl'd her a Crimſon Sattin Petticoat, and a rich white Velvet Juſt-a-core. In the ſame manner our dear Brother, rather our Grand Maſter of *Rhodes*, that beat down all before him with the *Club* of *Obſervation*, was enamour'd of a Lady, and they lov'd one another, and careſs'd one another, and *culebuted* together for ſeveral years, till at length, unhappy and unfortunate as ſhe was, ſhe fell out with him according to the

the cuſtom of female Inconſtancy. But what was the fatal event? Town-buzzing, and Town-talk, ſlur, blur, pur-- whur-- finger-- pointing-- ſneering, fleering-- Hum for that, *&c.* and all becauſe the Lady refuſed to ſettle the land upon him.

In the next place *Panurgus* came to be a Cardinal. For by that name, as our Author of Bleſſed Memory would have it, is meant the Cardinal *D' Amboyſe*. And why was he made a Cardinal? Why, for inventing a way of arguing without ſenſe or reaſon, by which he not only gravel'd the *Engliſh* Philoſopher, as you ſhall find in the 19*th ch.* Book ſecond, *v.* 22. but alſo gravel'd and confounded ſeveral Devils themſelves. *ch.* 18. *v.* 33. And this he did after he had been drinking all night, and playing at *Spurn point* with the Pages. At another time out of the profoundneſs of his Kitchin learning, he diſcovered the great Myſtery concerning ſalt Beef, which lay hid till then under a ſtrange Cabaliſtical Trifle, and publickly maintain'd, that the ſooner the Monks roſe, the ſooner the Pot was ſet on; the ſooner the Pot was ſet on, the ſooner the Meat would be boyl'd; the longer it boyl'd, the better it would be; the better it was boyl'd, the tenderer 'twould be, and the more acceptable to the Stomach; the more acceptable, the more nouriſhing. By

By ſuch idle methods of Argumentizing as theſe did our deceaſed Brother endeavour Tooth and Nail to acquire fame, and a Cardinals Hat. He had read how *Poole*, *Bellay*, and others, had the Honour to be damn'd in Scarlet, as Anti-chriſts Nobles, for their indefatigable Induſtry in the Popes Service, and a Cardinals Cap he had had, my beloved, as ſure as a Gun, had not that Hag of a Spinſter *Atropos* clipt, I will not ſay the plain Thread, but the ſilken twiſt of his Immortality-deſerving life, juſt in the very juncture of Time, or as I may ſo ſay, in the very nick: juſt when the Roman Catholick Lords in the *Tower* had concluded upon the buſineſs: and there's no Man can think they could have fail'd of their interceſſions at *Rome*. Nay I dare ſay my Beloved, the Lord *Stafford* himſelf would have riſen again, rather than he ſhould have gone without it. And did he not deſerve a Princely Purple Diadem d' ye think? Has he not from the firſt beginning, or at leaſt as ſoon as he durſt for his Ears, been always ſnarling at the Plot; has he not done all that lay in his power to ridicule and render the Kings Evidence contemptible, to the inexpreſſible joy, rejoycing, gladneſs, comfort, jocundneſs, delight, and pleaſure of the drooping & every where detected Offenders, who had no friend to ſpeak a good word in their cauſe,

cauſe, till our deceaſed Brother here, God reſt his Soul, firſt open'd for Madam *Cellier*, and her Presbyterian Plot? Has he not to this purpoſe fill'd the Town and Country with his weekly, I may ſay almoſt daylyſhreads of Waſt paper, ſtufft with *Flim* and *Flam*, Tales of roſted Horſes, Antipendiums and Screws? Has he not laboured, like *Siſyphus* in Hell, to engage the Nation in a univerſal quarrel about his pitiful perſonal peeks, and ſilly foppiſh, idle and impertinent ſquabbles, and brabbles about Goats Wool? all about *Papiſt* or no *Papiſt*? And yet you may well believe, my beloved, that of twenty parts of the Nation, hardly eighteen ever car'd a ſtraw whether he were a Papiſt or a Pipin-ſeller. Again, my beloved, was it not his weekly practice, that he might render himſelf redoubted and formidable to his Antagoniſts, the Enemies of Popery and Sham-Plots, like the *Devil* in *Iſaiah*, to exalt himſelf upon the *Mountain of the Congregation*, to blazon his Gentility and his Parts, and like the Son of *Vain-glory* and *ſelf-conceit*, to cry with *Oliver*, *Nemo me impune laceſſit*, and make Inſtances upon it? On the other ſide, to degrade and debaſe his Oppoſers, to render 'em ridiculouſly contemptible, and to reduce 'em to Mites and Atomes, has he not all along outſcolded *Billingſgate*, and outrail'd all the Courſe Comple-

plements of *Blooms-bury*, and *Luteners-lane*? Ha
he not taken upon him to be the Phœnix of ut-te
terance? Has he not taught the world in a moſt re
gentile and argumentative way to confound the T
Andoullians, or *Whigs* and *Diſſenters*, with the con th
vincing Epithites of *Rogues*, ſawcy *Raſcals*, *Cox-* H
combs, *Monkies*, *Fools*, *ſpawn* of the Devil, *Scrib* fi
ling Varlets, and comparing their expreſſions to th
the filth and naſtineſs of *Piſs-pots*, *Cloſe-ſtools* or
and *Common-ſhoars*, the certain effects of foul ry
mouth'd Dotage, peeviſh Choler, and want o th
better Reaſon? Has he not outdone *Ramus* an T
Burgersdicius, *Smith* and *Keckerman* in his impreg
nable Syllogiſms of Ye lie, 'tis falſe, may I b H
damn'd if it be true, may my Soul be delive
red up at the laſt day if it be ſo, with ſevera T
other *Ferio*'s and *Darapti*'s of the ſame nature h
the bold daſhes of an Arbitrary Pen? Has h n
not by this means ſtiffly defended the gaſping P
cauſe of Popery in this Nation, and furniſh'd th a
Traytors themſelves with words at leaſt, if no H
with Arguments, to defend and juſtifie thei b
Treaſons? True it is, there are thouſands, wh
belive that *Oats* and *Prance* have done their Kin a
and Country better ſervice than ever our dea
Brother, with all his Gentility and Grandeur
or all his huffing and puffing and ſnarling a
gainſt Parliament Priviledges, could ever pre
ten

tend to, and I am apt to believe it among the reſt. But they never aim'd at Cardinals Caps. 'Twas the Cardinals Cap that our dear Brother had in his Head. I have wiſh'd it upon his Head an hundred times. However my beloved, ſince he miſs'd this ſame Hat of Eminency in this world, I make no queſtion but he will have one in the other world, and that not an ordinary Hat neither, but a Hat, a Princely Hat, of the beſt faſhion, a Hat with Toſſels, a Hat with Toſſels, my beloved----Amen, ſo be it----

Hum-- -Hum---Hum---Hum---Hum---Hum--Hum--Hum-Hum--

I come now to open the words themſelves---Then *Euſthenes* cry'd out, *Ah Cruel Death, thou haſt taken from us the moſt perfect of Men*; How! the moſt perfect of Men That is my beloved the moſt perfect in his way; in his calling or profeſſion, and thus he was the moſt perfect *Obſervator* in Europe. For he obſerv'd many things that no body could obſerve but himſelf. For he could obſerve a mote in a *Whigs* Eye no bigger than a Pins point; he obſerv'd Schiſm and Faction among thouſands that never dream't of it: He obſerv'd a Presbyterian Plot among thoſe that never thought of it; by which means he attain'd to many great perfections, as *Paſquilling, Libelling, inflaming, Bouteſewing, Scolding, &c. Railing*, which

ſo increas'd his fame, that by general conſe...t he was acknowledg'd, Yerker, Firker, Whipſter, Scribler General of *Tory-Land*.

And now I have mentioned the word *Whipſter*, I muſt tell ye my beloved, he was the beſt *Whipſter* in *England*. For the time was, when he whipt Cats into Civility. 'Twas when he was a Youth, my beloved, and then he kept Birds, and then his Neighbours Cats came and kill'd his Birds; and then he kill'd his Neighbours Cats. Then came his Neighbours and ſaid, why do you kill our Cats? and he anſwered and ſaid, why do your Cats kill my Birds? This had like to have made as great a Diviſion between our dear Brother and his Neighbours, as between *Whig* and *Tory*; till at length the Heavens found out a happy way of reconciliation. For ſaid one among the reſt, reverend for his grey hairs, and his grave utterance, if our Cats come any more to devour your Birds, there is a milder way to be taken, ſo that neither we may loſe our Cats, nor you your Birds: Sir, when any of our Cats came again to kill your Birds, do but catch the Cats, whip 'em well, and rub their Noſes againſt the Cages, and the Cats will never come near your Birds any more. For Sir, as the burnt Child dreads the fire, ſo our whip'd Cats will dread your *Catt-a nine-tails*--- obſerve this ever while

while you live. This advice proceeding from one of the *Neſtor*'s of the Pariſh, he took it: ſo that when any of his Neighbours Cats came to kill his Birds, as I ſaid before, he was ſtill too cunning for 'em, and caught 'em; and when he had 'em, 'twas not all their mewing, or ſpitting, or ſcratching would ſerve their turn, he gave them School Correction, and taught 'em the ſad inconvenience of watching his Cages. However I muſt needs ſay this for him, that in whipping thoſe Cats he us'd that moderation, and did it with that prudence and equal ballance between Rigor and Compaſſion, that it was wonderful to behold in a Youth of his years: and it got him that renown, that there was hardly a Cat in the Pariſh that had ſtolen a piece of Cheeſe, or a bit of Bacon, or had broken an Earthen Pipkin in her privy ſearches of the Buttery Shelves, but was brought to our dear Brother to be whipt. Upon which the Soothſayers being conſulted, they all agreed, that as *Midas*'s wealth, and *Plato*'s Eloquence were portended, the one by the *Emets*, the other by the *Bees* that fed them with Wheat and Hony in their Cradles, ſo that *Cat-whipping prudence* was look'd on as a prognoſtication of our dear Brothers future Grandeur, and that as the Cats had been reformed by the laſhes of his Hand, ſo the *Whigs*

ſhould be reformed by the laſhes of his Pen.

This Man, this Perſon of theſe perfections has Death, Cruel Death taken from us. Death himſelf is turn'd *Whig*, to deprive the Tories of their Darling and their Idol. The *Thamuz*, the *Adonis* of Toryland is departed, Death, *Cruel* Death, *Factious*, *Schiſmatical*, *Presbyterian* Death has taken him away from us: Let the Virgins of Toryland bewail him annually among the Mountains.

Ailina moi ſtonacheite napai, Kai Dono Hydor
Kai potamoi Klaioite ton Himeroenta Biona.

Henceforth may Coffee loſe its vertue, and Tea it's operation, ſince he is gone, that was the Soul of all Coffee-Houſes, and the delight of thoſe that love to dung and read at the ſame time.

Hum, hum, hum----

But now, we would fain know what Death has done with him? Death has got him in his clutches, and therefore, I ſay, what has he done with him? Heaven forbid that Death in a peeviſh humour ſhould have taken our dear Brother at his word; for he has promiſed, (that's the truth on't) to *deliver up his Soul to the Devil at the laſt day*, and given it under his hand in writing:

ſo

ſo that whether the Devil will ſtay ſo long, or be ſo critical, as to take the *laſt day*, for the *laſt day* of his life, is the Queſtion. And then again whether the Papiſts will admit him into Purgatory, ſince he has renounced their Religion with ſuch a teſty, nonſenſical imprecation is another queſtion. For I muſt confeſs, 'tis my opinion that all the world ought ſooner to believe *Prance* upon the cuſtomary way of aſſertion upon Oath, than our dear Brother upon a hot-headed piece of Choleric, and extrajudicial fury, or rather extravagant Rodomontado of *Tipſy Infuſion*. But we hope that neither the Pope nor his Jeſuits will be ſo ungentile as to take notice of the failings of his Age, conſidering the good Service he has done 'em. For he only renounc'd the Queens Chapple, and not Popery nor Purgatory; He had a defference we hope for that *White Fryars* of the *other World*, where Heavens debtors can lie till they have compounded with Heaven; or elſe find an opportunity to give *Beelzebub* the bag, by ſlipping out at the back door into *Abrahams Boſom*. And there it is that we alſo hope our dear Brother will call and ſtay by the way, rather than *deliver up his Soul*, ſo raſhly as he talks of, as if he were to do a kind Act in diſcharge of his Bail. We may flatter our ſelves, that *Pluto* will entertain him like

like a Gentleman, let him deliver himſelf up when he pleaſes; but when we conſider how he uſes our dear Brothers Betters, *Xerxes* being in Hell, no more than a cryer of Muſtard, *Hannibal*, a ſeller of Egg-ſhells, *Priamus* a ſhailler of Beans, *Pope Alexander* a Rat-catcher, and *Boniface the Eighth* a Chimney-Sweeper, it would grieve us my beloved to meet our dear Brother hereafter in the Stygian ſhades, walking with a *long ſtick* upon his ſhoulders. But we hope that the Popiſh Lords have taken care of his future happineſs as well as they did of his content in this world. However while we are in theſe Dilemma's in the midſt of theſe fears, doubts and jealouſies concerning our dear Brothers uncertain condition, we may well cry out with the great Euſthenes, *Ah Cruel Death, that haſt taken from us the moſt perfect of Men.*

Hum--Hum--Hum--

'Tis true, no Man can attain to perfection in this world; but our dear Brother had excellencies peculiar to himſelf, and therefore we may account him in ſome meaſure perfect as I have ſaid already. Pray my beloved do not cavil with me about a word or two, when us'd to ſo good an end as the praiſe of our deceaſed Brother. He was the moſt excellent *guide* to the *Inferiour Clergy* that ever our Land produc'd. He walk'd be-

before 'em like a ſumptuous *Fore-Horſe* in Peaſcod time, and lead 'em along as he pleas'd himſelf with the Harmonious gingling of his painted Collar. So that if any thing were wanting to this extraordinary Train, it was only that Celeſtial Conſtellation call'd *Auriga*, or the Carter, with his heavenly *Geeho*'s and *Haitho*'s for their *Driver*. *Cambridge* was not ignorant of this; and therefore was he by one of their Members quoted at St. *Maries* for an *Author*. Oh the Learned, the Great, the bleſſed *Obſervator*; who knows but that in time he may ſtand in competition with St. *Ambroſe*, St. *Auſtin*, and St. *Chryſoſtome*? I remember, my beloved, I have read of a certain Bird called *Onocrotalus*, a Bird reſembling a Swan in ſhape and bigneſs, but moſt ſonotouſly braying like an Aſs. Ah-- my beloved was not our dear Brother the Swan of our Age--

Rara Avis in Terris Nigroque ſimillima Cygno.

And then again how ſweetly has he *brayd* againſt the *Whigs* once, twice, ſometimes thrice a week? I ſay he brayd ſweetly, gentilely, not like a Beaſt, but like a Bird: And why did he chooſe to bray my beloved? Oh my beloved he knew that the Whigs were a kind of, *Ægithi*, or *Hawks*, that is to ſay, Birds of prey, that built

their

their Neſts among Thorns and Briars, that is among Factions and Fractions, and that there was nothing ſo terrible to thoſe *Hawks* as the braying of an Aſs; in ſo much that if they do but hear an Aſs bray, they will ſpoyl their own Neſts, and break their own Eggs out of meer fear and aſtoniſhment. Therefore my beloved, our dear Brother choſe to *bray*: to the end he might ſcare the Whigs from their *Neſts*, their Clubs and their Conventicles, and cauſe them to break their own Eggs, their Deſigns and their Plots and Contrivances. Ah my beloved, was there ever ſuch an *Onocrotalus* as this? Heaven ſend us more ſuch *Onocrotalus*'s as theſe-----

Hum---Hum--Hum--

But 'tis our comfort my beloved, he deceas'd in a good old Age; and tho he did not die a Martyr, yet he died as like one as five pence to a groat. He had many Enemies my beloved. And indeed there is hardly any creature either in the Water or the Air, or upon the Land, but has its peculiar Enemy. The Swan and the Eagle are always at Daggers drawing, ſo are the Weaſel and the Crow, the Lyon and the Wolf. In the ſame manner did our dear Brother live in perpetual Antipathy with one or other to his dying day. His Hand was againſt every body, and every bodies

Hand

Hand againſt him. On the one ſide the *Cares* and the *Curtiſſ*'s; on the other by the *Baldwin*'s and *Janeway*'s. Had he not been a right metled *Towzer* indeed, they had worryed him to death. One tells him of his Coach and ſix Horſes, which he kept by vertue of *Phil-Porters* Motto. Another rubs him up with the tale of the Printers Wife, to whom he had promis'd peculiar immunities when it was in his power, would ſhe have condeſcended to have been his *Elderſhips Suſanna*. Another twits him with the twenty pieces reconciliation with the Bookſeller near *Mercers Chappel*, upon which followed a Ceſſation of his Maſters ſuit that employed him. Another ſwears him a Papiſt, nay another would have ſworn him into a Plot to deſtroy the Plot itſelf. Laſtly, when he thought to have thrown off all theſe things by taking the Sacrament, up ſtarts another and takes the Sacrament with him in juſtification of what he had ſworn, and ſo ſpoil'd all again. Theſe and many other ſuch ſnubs and rubs, and whirrets o'the Ear of his Reputation, were enough to have ſunk a Perſon of a ſofter and milder temper long e're this. But *ne Hercules contra duos*;

had he been *Towzer* with as many heads as *Cerberus*, they would have worryed him at length; for I find they were reſolved upon it. I wiſh theſe *Butters againſt Anti-Chriſt* may not have cauſe to repent it, and I hope to ſee the day when theſe Greek Kalends ſhall come. Thoſe Grecian Kalends I have heard much talk of: O may the Sun and Moon bring 'em quickly about, that we may be at once avenged for the loſs of our dear Brother, for he is gone, the moſt perfect of Men. He that, as it is ſaid of the great *Xenomanes* had a memory that was like a Collonels Scarf, that would carry away a whole voyder of Sweet-meats at a time. An imagination like the jangling of a Country Steeple; whoſe thoughts were like a flight of Telfares; an underſtanding, like a torn prayer book; conceits like thoſe of a Snail creeping out of a Strawbery Bed; the judgment of a ſhooing Horn; the diſcretion of a pair of Childrens mittens, and the reaſon of a *Bartholomew* fair Drum. And now my beloved let us weep a while over the Hearſe of this great Perſon. May his emmory laſt as long as the Skeletons in

St. *Johns* Library. He that offers to wipe with an *Obſervator*, may the piles vex him to his Grave. And may that Grocer break, and all his Plums rot, that uſes thoſe holy ſheets for waſt paper. And may all Waſh-balls moulder to dirt that ſhall ever be wrapt up in Whig and Tory. May they have the ſame charms as the Hankerchers dip't in *Staffords* blood, to cure the Meazles in Hogs, and the Pip in Chickens.

Laſtly, my beloved, carry theſe dear Relicks of his fame alwaies about ye, like *Ziſca's* Skin, as a terrour to the *Whigs*. So may our dear *Brother* live in his Eterniz'd Lines, whom otherwiſe I fear me, this Ingrateful Age will ſoon forget.

But my beloved after all this there are a ſort of People, that though they will not deny him to have been dead, yet obſtinately affirm him to have been come to life again. For ſay they, ſhould not ſo great a Hero as our *Obſervator* have as much priviledge as *Lucian* allows to *Hercules*, *Orpheus* and *Ulyſſes*. Nay we find how the barking ſnarling *Menippus* cheated that ſame Devil of a Sculler Chavan himſelf,

under the diſguiſe of a Lyons skin, and a Club in his hand. And indeed my beloved the world is grown to that paſs now, that men are become ſo vaſtly ſpiritualiz'd in craft and cunning, that it could be no diſgrace for the Devil to be cheated by ſuch a one as the *Obſervator*, a Perſon that exceeded the Tyrant of *Orcus* in cunning and Romancing as much as that Infernal Monarch exceeded *Jack Adams*, or the Author of *Valentine and Orſon*, So that why he might not have the ſame Priviledge as Hercules, as being ſo great a Champion as he is; or as *Orpheus* being ſo great a Muſitian as he is; or as *Ulyſſes*, being ſo eloquent and mellifluous, ſo vanquiſhing and perſuaſive an Orator as he is, that is to ſay, to go to Hell, and come back again, is more then I underſtand. For as for *Charon*, there's no Man had more reaſon to be civil, and careſs our dear Brother the *Obſervator* than he had, in regard that he was once an *Obſervator* himſelf. The Story is this my Beloved; (for you never knew a right Sermon without a Story) *Charon* having a mind to behold what buſie Mortals did in this

this world, and what theſe things were of which they complain'd and houl'd ſo much to be deprived of in the other, he got *Mercury* to help him; who after much entreaty did ſo, and ſo they two together ſet three or four high Mountains one upon another, from whence, as from a high Beacon, *Charon* had a full proſpect of the whole Earth, and the vaſt Lake that encompaſſes it: then he beheld the ſeveral ſwarms of Mortals in their little Neſts, or rather Hives, call'd Towns and Cities. There he had a full view alſo of the folly of Regal Pomp and Riches; the vanity of worldly wiſdom, the Errours and confuſions among Philoſophers. There he beheld the buſie multitudes of Hopes and Fears, Madneſs, Pleaſure, Avarice, Anger, Hatred, and Jealouſie, that plague and vex the world: and after he had obſerv'd as much as he could obſerve, *Mercury* and the Ferry-Man ſet the Mountains again in their places, and ſo the *Obſervator Charon* returned to his Employment, ſo then it is plain that many Perſons of Fame and renown did make a journy to *Hell*, and return'd back again, and why our *Obſervator*

ſo

ſo renowned, and ſo famous, ſhould not have the ſame priviledge, as I ſaid before, is a thing hardly to be believed, eſpecially having two ſuch good friends upon the Shore of the *Stygian Ferry*, as *Mercury* the yafrous, and *Charon* his Brother *Obſervator*, who would not refuſe him any kindneſs that lay in their Power.

Others there are, that ſay he was too haſtily Interr'd; ſo that when he heard the Stones and the Brick-bats rattle about his Ears upon uttering the words *Duſt to Duſt*, he made a noiſe in the Coffin, and ſo was taken out again, like the Woman in *Suſſex* to lead a new life in the old World.

Another ſort there are who affirm, that they heard him cough in his Grave, as being one that us'd to drink in his Porridge; which occaſioned his miraculous deliverance. But theſe my Beloved I fear me are meer ſurmizes, flaſhes and conceits of thoſe that fain would have it ſo, as I among the reſt could wiſh they were; and not meer ſtories like thoſe of his own writing. Alaſs for he is certainly departed. He and his

Friend

Friend *Quevedo*, now I think on't, went together into the other world ſome years ſince, to make new diſcoveries: and ſome few they made; but going to make more, were never heards of again.

But you will ſay we have ſeveral *Obſervators* come out every week. 'Tis very true, a company of dull flat heavy Dialogues between *Tory* and *Whig*, without life or ſoul, not worth the glance of a Mans Eye; which is the more to be wondred at, conſidering how many ſeveral notions of other men poſted every foot in the Coffee-Houſe Leiger Book, go to the forming and ſhaping of one nonſenſical half ſheet, wherein you are bound not to forget the *Screws*, and an Ironical flirt upon Dr. *Oats*, of no concernment to any body elſe, either publick or private, but thoſe that are afraid of their Teſtimony.

But let the *Obſervator* be dead or alive, 'tis not a half-penny matter, you have heard the reaſon of this *Memento Mori*: Neither is it an unuſual thing for great Perſons to have their Tombs and Monuments erected in their life Times.

How-

However 'tis most certain he must die at one time or other, and he had as good make use of this kind Encomium, as impose upon his Executors to pay two broad pieces for another that may prove worse.

An

AN

ELEGY

UPON THE

Right Reverend

THE

OBSERVATOR,

Guide to the Inferiour Clergy.

WHen *Indian* Kings in bloody Battels fall,
Their Wives, & Slaves attend the Funeral,
Mounted aloft they squeeze a grinning smile,
Then tumble headlong from the flaming Pile:
So when the Pagan-*Observator* dies,
And little Tories close their Grand-sirs Eyes,
The Orphan'd, poor, Inferior-Crape-gown'd Elves
In their own Surslingles should hang themselves.
While Mournful *Sam*'s is daub'd with Scutcheons round,
And dismal Coffee scatter'd on the Ground,
The *Newgate*-Priests come dribling dainty verse,
Blubbring *Joanna* gloats upon the Hearse;

Alas! (ſhe ſobs) there lies that brawny He
That has ſo many 'a time Obſerved me.
The Inferiour gaping Devils his fall attend,
And wrapt in Crape expect his happy end;
He'l find 'em kind; forgive the Devil his due,
And *Lucifer*'s an honeſt Tory too,
Who can if neceſſary cauſe appears,
Go once, or twice to Church in 20 years;
Of ev'ry thing on Earth he's the Spectator,
And may be term'd a very *Obſervator*.
The Whiggiſh Angels he would faln pull down,
And on his ſooty Highneſs ſet the Crown,
Roger even there does earn his Penſion well,
And bawl's for the Succeſſion, tho in Hell;
As Loyal Seamen when they needs muſt go
Gargling Huzza's compleat the health below.
Good Devil take heed, for if thou careleſs be,
Hodge will out-lie, out-cheat, out-devil thee.
If to the Coffee-Houſes he can run,
He'l call thee Whig, and then thou art undone.
Pluto beware! or he thy Imps will ſham,
Corrupt thy Guards, and ſteal away thy Dam,
Towzer in ſpight of *Cerberus* will paſs,
Who'le take th' old Crone for Madam *Baltinglaſs*.

Another

Another Epitaph, found in the Cardinal *Van Hesse*'s Library, and Tranſlated out of *French*, ſuppoſed to be writ by *Noſtredamus*.

HEre lie Antipendiums, and Fiddles good ſtore,
Here lies the old Stallion of the Roman old Whore;
The Lap-dog of Ladies, and the Wonders delight,
Whom Death did like Topham to the Netherlands fright,
The' Inferiour-Clergy (poor Noddies!) will ſtray,
Now their Will-a-Wiſp-Guide is gone out of the Way.

His

His Epitaph.

HEre lies the Man, whose Fate among us Hurl'd,
With bombasts Dialogues to plague the world.
Who rather then not vainly keep a pother,
Set one side of his mouth against the other.
And bid the Pope believe what wonders He
Would work to save his falling Monarchy:
With that he told a thousand tales and more,
And when his empty reason fail'd he swore.
But falling short of all the brags he made,
Here he succumbs in Grape Gown Masquerade,
So let him rest until the second Change,
The blustering, but unfortunate L. S---.

FINIS.

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